

# George Strait, My Old Flame Is Burnin' Another H

Just a one pump fil-in station  
Lord and one old general store  
I found her in that wide spot in the road

And the brightest lights she'd ever seen  
Were the headlights on my pickup  
Till she saw the lights behind those swinging doors

And everywhere she goes  
She leaves the jukebox smoking  
Everywhere she's been  
There's ashes on the ground

I see the glow in the sky  
Through the teardrops in my eyes  
My old flame's out burning  
Another honky tonk down

So country, young and pretty  
She's never been no where before  
And I lost her behind those swinging doors

Now it's just me and my old pickup  
Making every joint in town  
Cuz tonight she's out somewhere to burn one down

And everywhere she goes  
She leaves the jukebox smoking  
Everywhere she's been  
There's ashes on the ground

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